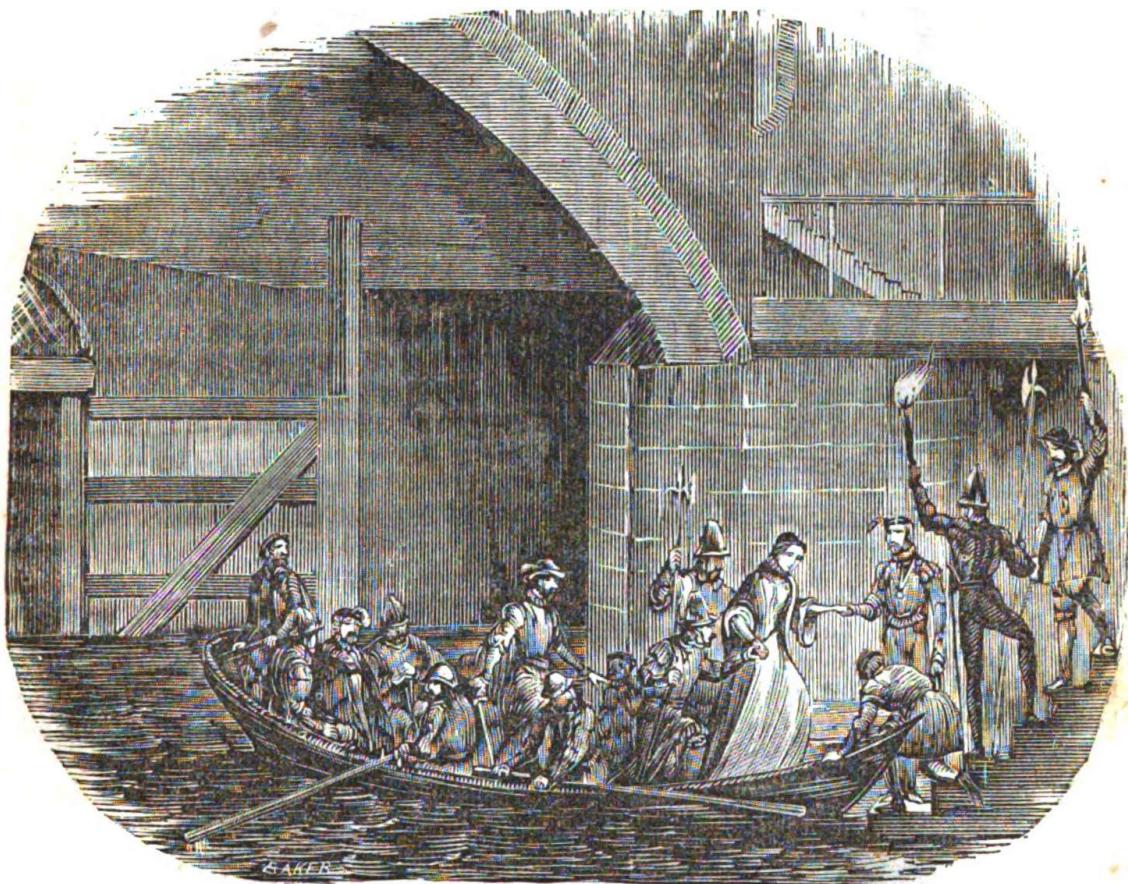


THE LADY JANE GRAY IN THE TOWER.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.



LADY JANE GRAY ENTERING THE TOWER A PRISONER.

THE extreme youth of the Lady Jane Gray, the number of her accomplishments, and the sincerity of her piety have combined to render her melancholy fate a favorite and popular theme. Grave historians and profound statesmen have united with poets and novelists to deplore her untimely end. The story has been so often told that we presume it is universally known, and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with briefly recalling it, in order to explain better the accompanying illustrations, which exhibit the localities in the Tower of London connected with her closing days.

The Lady Jane Gray was descended from the sister of Henry the Eighth, who, having married Louis the Twelfth, King of France, united herself, after his death, to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. When Edward the Sixth lay on his death-bed, the ambitious Northumberland, desiring at once to supplant the two princesses,

Mary and Elizabeth, and to found a dynasty himself, induced the boy-monarch to bequeath the crown to the Lady Jane, to whom the duke had already mated his son, Lord Guilford Dudley. Had the two princesses been dead, and Mary, Queen of Scots, out of the way, the Lady Jane would, indeed, have been the real heir; but as three persons, with better titles than herself, were living, the assumption of the throne was a usurpation; for the English law has never recognized the right of a king to bequeath the crown out of the order of succession.

The Lady Jane received the announcement of the honor intended for her, with many misgivings, accompanied by an unfeigned reluctance, nor would she consent to accept the crown until her father besought her to it with tears. She was accompanied to the Tower, where it was then the custom for English monarchs to hold state for the first few days of her reign, with



THE CITADEL, OR WHITE TOWER.

great pomp; and was proclaimed Queen in London and the vicinity. But the people generally received the intelligence with coldness. The Princess Mary was looked upon as the rightful heir, and very soon an army collected around

her. Northumberland found the nobility deserting him, and was fain to succumb. He was soon after arrested, and speedily executed. After a reign of a few days, the Lady Jane voluntarily resigned the crown: but this did not



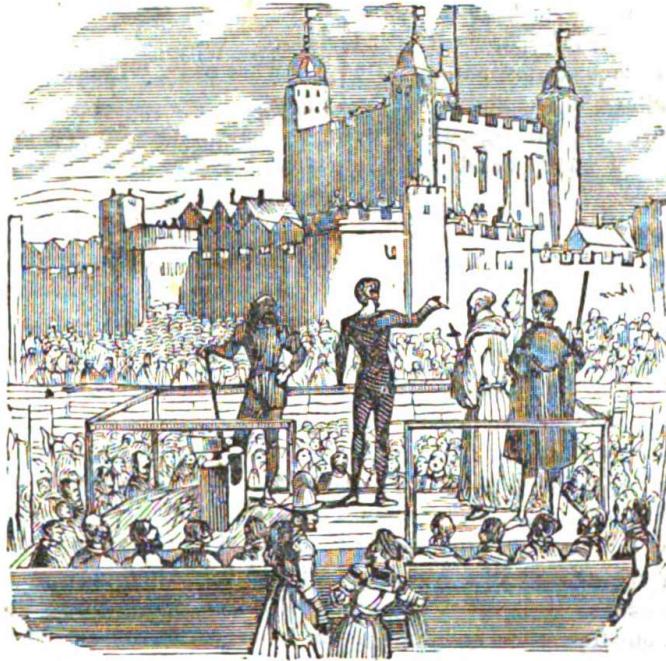
ST. PETER'S CHAPEL.

save her, or her husband from being committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason. Here they remained for nearly two years, till it began to be hoped that Queen Mary intended to spare their lives. But a rebellion headed by

scarcely to have known, exasperated the queen to such a degree that both Lady Jane and her husband were ordered to death. Fearing a rising of the populace in behalf of so much youth and virtue, the queen ordered the wife to be executed within the Tower; but the husband suffered on the green outside. Lord Guilford Dudley perished first, and afterward Lady Jane. While imprisoned in that venerable building, she wrote, on the walls of her apartment, some pathetic lines, in Latin, on her own melancholy fate: the lines are still preserved.

The first of our illustrations represents the entrance of Lady Jane into the Tower, after her arrest, coming by night in a barge through the ominous traitor's gate, which opens on the water.

The second is the Citadel, or White Tower, which rises high over the rest of the fortress, and has in fact given name to the promiscuous assemblage of palaces, prisons and offices within the extensive area of the outer walls. The third is the famous St. Peter's chapel, made sacred by the crowd of illustrious dead reposing under its pavement; for there rest Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, Norfolk, the hapless lover of Marie Stuart, Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and Lady Jane's father-in-law, Northumberland. The fourth engraving represents Lord Guilford Dudley, addressing the people from the scaffold on the green, the White Tower, with its surrounding buildings being full in view.



LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY'S EXECUTION.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

BY J. K. HOLMES.

Oh, memory in thy mellow light
A moment would I stray,
And call the silent back to-night
Who long have pass'd away!
The good that meekly stole to rest
From friends they lov'd below,
The many, many deemed the best
A long time ago!

The wave of time is moving on—
The rain is dropping now—
The summer of my life is gone,
Oh! Autumn's on my brow—

Oh! Autumn's on the woodland scene,
The leaves lie dead and low;
It is not as it was, I ween,
A long time ago!

Then hope was in my youthful eye,
The earth was fair to view;
I long'd to hear the night winds sigh
They brought me visions too—
But now I'm chang'd, and so is all
I see around, below—
Oh! melancholy shadows fall
O'er long time ago!